

Ride are yet another British band who just released their second album *Going Blank Again* (Sire/Reprise) which is pretty much how their music makes me feel even though their publicity insists that they "achieve a compelling balance between the lyrical and the convulsive through a creative alchemy all their own". In real life they have kind of a dreamy sound with big chimey guitars, sort of Byrds-like group vocals, and lotsa long ethereal intros and fade-outs. The musicians' names and what they play aren't listed anywhere on the CD booklet, though the lyrics -- some written by Mark and some by Andy contain such stunning insights as "Now time is moving on/I know it won't be long," (Andy) and "Just lost the last thought in my head/What happens now," (Mark). You can safely put their music on and go back to whatever it was you were doing and not miss a thing.

Ride With the Pale Saints: Tuesday June 16 at 7 p.m. at the Trocadero, 10th and Arch Sts., \$12, 923-ROCK.

--Peter Brown